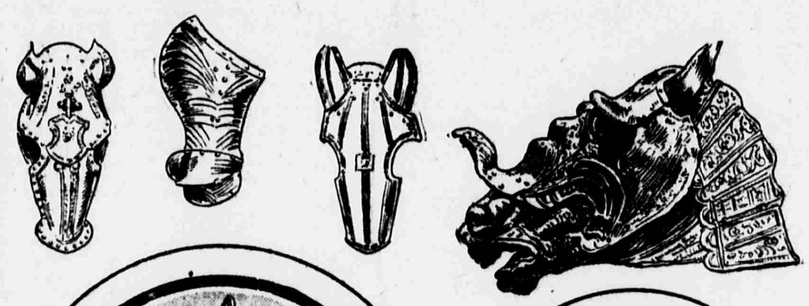
The $400,000 De Dino Collection of Armor Now on Exhibition.

ITALIAN COMPLETE ARMOR.



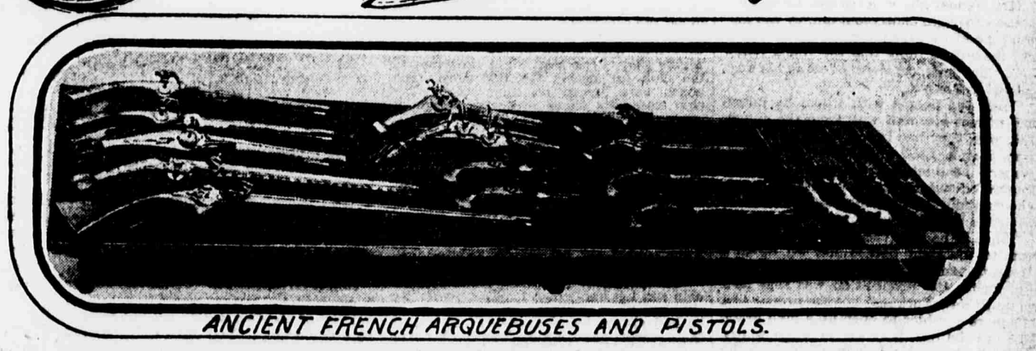
MILANESE HALF ARMOR AND SHIELD.

GERMAN JOUSTING ARMOR

TURKISH ARMOR XVI CENTURY.

GERMAN ARMOR.

FROM NUREMBURG.



ANCIENT FRENCH ARQUEBUSES AND PISTOLS.

One more of the most distinguished exhibits which the great museums may house will be opened to public scrutiny in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Central Park this week. It is the famous Duc de Dino collection of armor, one of the great treasures of the art world, which New York's museum has lately purchased. A private view, by invitation, is to be accorded to various friends of the museum to-morrow, and the exhibit will afterward be accessible to general visitors.

The De Dino collection was bought by the museum early in the year for a sum in the neighborhood of $400,000, and was brought to New York in May. It came over invoiced or manifested under the modest entry of forty-three cases of hardware, and was admitted duty free as the property of a public art gallery. The importation had to go through the usual routine prescribed by the customs law, however, and the Federal requirements and the necessary work of preparation for exhibition have occupied the interval since its arrival.

There are about 300 pieces in the collection, and persons who have been fascinated by the great aggregation of works of ancient armor in the Wallace collection at Hertford House, London, and have been attracted by other European exhibits of the armorer's craftsmanship, will realize in advance the treat awaiting them at the Metropolitan Museum now. The collection comprises both arms and armor, and is interesting both artistically and historically. The armor includes ceremonial suits as well as those for defensive wear, and contains some which are in a state of completeness that is rare in any of the world's collections—so easy is it for parts of these complicated habiliments to become separated and perish as the ages pass. So glorious a repository of ancient relics as Warwick Castle, in England, has but the helmet of Cromwell's armor, for instance, and is proud of it, and but the mace of the "king maker," which is cherished not in the armory of the castle, but in the great hall, the family's gathering place.

In the collection in Central Park is a highly valued piece of armor that was made for King Philip II. of Spain in the year of his marriage to Mary Tudor of England. The suit is a fanciful as well as a serviceable one, available for the stern duties of war or the softer pleasures of peace, and might be used by a warrior afoot or on horse back.

It is said to have been made for the occasion of the King's marriage.

A helmet with pale gold ornamentation that is in this collection belonged to Henry II., and is one of the finest pieces of French armor in existence.

An early sixteenth century suit made for Charles V. as a youth is another member of the collection. The metal is so worked as to resemble in pattern the puffed and slashed clothing of that age. There is a visor that is as fierce and terrible as one of the awful masks that accompany Japanese armor of the darker days of Nippon; the visor represents a grotesque and distorted human face. There is a helmet without a visor in the collection, which is said to have been worn by the Maid of Orleans. The Duc de Dino among others held the belief that Joan actually wore this helmet, and it was hung at one time over the altar of the Church of M. Pierre du Martroi at Orleans, where it was looked upon as veritably a part of the heroic maid's armor. The helmet is gashed on both cheeks, which at least may be taken to bespeak a certain strenuosity in combat on the part of the wearer.

One of the suits in the collection has been regarded as one of the three oldest complete suits of armor in any European collection, so its possession by New York would give the United States one of the three oldest complete suits of European armor in the world.

It is of fifteenth century workmanship. The skirt of the armor folds up when the wearer sits down. There are a silver casque and a shield which belonged to the Grand Monarch in the collection. They were apparently for ceremonial usage, and are thought to have been designed to be borne before the magnificent Louis upon some fête day. One of the horse helmets shown is said to have been designed for Charles V. on the occasion of a visit paid by him to Francis I. It was made in the early part of the sixteenth century, and recalls the days of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

In the collection may be seen, among other exhibits, the complete armor of a child, in Italian work, of the late sixteenth century; a suit of fluted armor in German workmanship of the early sixteenth century, the flutings in which served to strengthen the armor as well as to make it of great brilliance; a suit of half armor, ornamented richly in repoussé in French handicraft of the same century; beautifully etched Milanese armor and one very richly decorated suit of German armor, once belonging to Philip II. of Spain, which at one time was in the royal collection of armor at Madrid, whence several pieces of this suit were stolen a long time ago.

Their places have been filled from a similar suit, as is carefully pointed out. Parts of this similar suit are now preserved in the Madrid collection.

One valuable suit, complete, of Italian armor of the fifteenth century, with a war-axe of the same period, bears on many of its parts the stamp of the armorer's "proof test" of its quality. Crossbows, ivory sceptres and various other objects naturally forming a part of such a collection are among the things shown, only a very few of which are indicated in the accompanying illustrations.

TWO MEN WITH LOTS OF NERVE.

Sudden Death Came to Both While Playing Poker on the Mississippi.

"The nerviest man I ever seen," said Caleb Mix, the veteran bartender on the Mississippi River packet City of Natches, "were a feller they called Gabe Weston. I ain't a-sayin' but there's plenty o' men that has nerve. I seen a feller once when the old Belle o' the Bayous was blown up, that showed some.

"I was some lucky, myself, that time, for I were away for'ard nigh the bow o' the boat, leanin' more'n half over the rail, lookin' at the Pride o' the River that we was racin' with, an' I was sort o' blowed sideways right into the water an' clear o' the wreck, an' bein' as I c'd swim like a fish, I wa'n't bothered much for myself.

"This feller I'm a-speakin' of, he come down in the water alongside o' me soon a'ter I'd begun lookin' 'round to see what was doin'. Well, he went down tolable deep, but while he was passin' alongside o' me I took notice he was tore up considerable like he'd passed through a board partition kind o' hasty like.

"Well, he come up, all right, in a little while an' I grabbed him by the collar, an' sort o' pulled him over, so 's't he'd be on his back, an' afore I c'd say anything, he speaks up as polite as you please:

"'Much obliged,' he says. 'Looks to me like I was in big luck, findin' somebody 'round that can swim.'

"Then he reached up an' takes a cigar out of his mouth an' looks at it; like he was thinkin' o' lightin' it again, an' he says, kind o' like he was talkin' to hisself:

"'That's too bad,' he says. 'That was a good cigar, an' now it's all wet,' he says.

"Well, I had to laugh at that, my own self.

"'You'd oughter have put it in your pocket,' I says, 'afore you went in the water.'

"An' then he laughed, too.

"'Fact is,' he says, 'I was too busy just at the moment to remember the cigar. I was playin' a ace full,' he says, 'ag'in a pat hand an' a three card draw, an' I'd just been raised $50 an' was raisin' back,' he says, 'when the dam' feller give. Looks to me like I had a claim for about fo' hundred dollars ag'in the owners, for what I would ha' won on that hand, sayin' nothin' o' my clo'es. I must ha' went right up through the ceilin',' he says.

"Well, I seen 'twa'n't no time to be talkin' about what was over with, an' I as't him if he c'd swim.

"'Not a stroke,' he says, as cheerful as a child. 'But I c'n hang onto a board almighty tight,' he says, 'if I c'n get a-hold o' one.'

"So I says to myself I'd get him to a bit o' the wreck somewheres an' look out for some o' the others that was hollerin' an' strugglin' all 'round. The Pride o' the River had slowed up, an' was sendin' back boats, but they hadn't reached us yet.

"Well, I got him to a plank. 'Twa'n't a big one, but I seen it were big enough to float him all right, an' then I struck out for a woman that was floppin' 'round, about fifty yards away. 'Peared like we'd dropped into the river tol'able thick, but some had sunk an' the current was scatterin' us like.

"Anyhow, she were the nearest to me. Her clo'es kep' her up till I come to where she was, an' then I looked for somepin' for her to hang on to.

"You'd ha' thought there'd been plenty o' driftwood round, an' so there was, but as I said, everything was scatterin' rapid, an' this woman wa'n't nigh so easy to handle as the man was. 'Peared like she were sort o' scared, like, an' some excited. Anyway, the nighest thing I c'd see was the plank the man was on, an' I swam over to that, pullin' the woman.

"When she had a good hold on it I left 'em. 'Peared like it was up to me to help as many as I could, an' there was plenty 'roun'.

"The next one I come to, though, was a crazy man, an' he grabbed me so tight we both went down. When we came up I got hit on the head somehow with an oar, an' I an' him was both pulled into a boat, so I never knowed nothin' about the first two, till I seen the woman after, an' told me about it.

"She said I hadn't been gone no time afore they found they was sinkin' along with the plank. 'Twa'n't big enough to float two. So they hollered some, but they see right away 't there wa'n't no chanst o' gettin' any help time enough to save 'em, an' the feller, he says to the woman:

"'"Pears like one on us is got to go,' he says, 'an' bein' as you are a woman it looks it was up to me to drop off.'

"Well, she cried an' begged him to hang on a little longer, so she tol' me, but he said no. He c'd see, he said, 't the plank was goin' down, an' he just let go an' went down, an' nobody ever seen him again.

"Now, that's what I call nerve, right through f'm first to last; but 'twa'n't no such nerve as Gabe Weston showed, him that I spoke of first.

"He were a little spindle shanked runt of a man that useter travel the river fr'm St. Louis to New Orleans on his way to Texas twict a year. They said he were a cattle dealer, but how he ever got round to look at a herd is more'n I c'd see, 'thouten they strapped him onto a saddle, f'r them legs o' hisen didn't look like they c'd grip a hoss, nohow. They was big enough to carry him 'round, though, f'r he wa'n't more'n a hundred weight at the best, nor he wan't more'n about 5 feet high.

"Sometimes I used to reckon he must ha' been holler f'm the heels up. He c'd carry more red liquor, considerin' the size of him, 'n 'most any man I ever see, not to show no signs of it.

"'Peared like it made him dangerous like, but he wouldn't show nothin'. On'y get white, an' sort o' ceremonious; but if he was drinkin'—an' mostly he was drinkin'—'twa'n't safe to be too nigh to him. He'd strike as quick an' deadly as a rattler, on'y he didn't do no rattlin' till after.

"The first time I ever seen him in a difficulty was up to St. Louis. He were just comin' aboard, an' some feller 't I didn't know was goin' ashore. I heer'd after 't they'd had trouble afore, but this feller bumped agin Weston so hard he nigh knocked him off'n the gangplank. He'd ha' fell in the river if he hadn't catched hisself with his left hand on a line. Well, that was just about the end on 't.

"Weston didn't make no move to straighten up till he'd reached down with his right an' pulled a knife. Then he throwed it like lightnin', an' the other feller, that was walkin' away like there hadn't nothin' happened, fell down with the knife stickin' in the back of his neck, half way to the hilt. He were dead, 'n' 'tain't noways likely 't he knowed what killed him.

"They said that was Weston's way. He were quicker 'n a cat, an' he didn't never make no row—just struck. He didn't never carry a gun, but they said he al'ays had two or three knives, 'count o' his habit o' throwin' 'em, which is a good way for a man as knows how.

"Just naturally there didn't nobody that knowed him care particular about havin trouble with him, but there was some, o' course, that didn't know him, an' they didn't al'ays realize what they was up against.

"One time he were comin' down the river on one of his buyin' trips an', o' course, was carryin' a large wad. He useter buy big, an' they said he made big money in his business.

"Well, this trip he wa'n't drinkin' so much, but he 'peared to be bent on lookin' f'r some kind of excitement, an' excitement in them days mostly meant draw poker. An' when a man looked for that on one o' the river boats, he wa'n't no ways liable to miss it.

"There was a party of five playin' one night an' Weston was lookin' on. 'Twa'n't manners to ask for to set in when there was five in the game already, an' he knowed it as well as anybody, but he knowed another thing, too. 'T was plain enough f'r anybody to see. That was, 't somebody was likely to be down an' out afore long, for there was three suckers an' two professionals playin.'

"Weston knowed a professional as quick as anybody when he seen 'em playin', but he wa'n't no ways skeered o' playin' with 'em, bein' as he knowed cards as well as he did cattle; but these two—they was called Gorman an' Tuttle, so I heer'd after—was new to the river an' they didn't know Weston.

"Anyway if they did they wa'n't noways afraid of him, for when two o' the suckers went up together ag'in four trays that Gorman held on Tuttle's deal an' the game was reduced sudden to three players, they looked 'round for somebody else to set in, and spoke up hearty when Weston said if nobody didn't have no objections he'd take a hand.

"Didn't look like they had no call to be skeered of him, neither, for they was both big, strappin' men that looked like they c'd whip a mad mule out in the open. 'Peared they was called fighters, too, up in Wisconsin where they come from, but we didn't know nothin' o' that till after.

"Well, they was playin' a tol'able stiff game, bein' a two dollar ante, callin' five, straight poker, no limit; an' the wonder was the other sucker, 't was a travellin' salesman f'm Chicago, had lasted as long as he had.

"He'd been playin' careful, though, an' had stayed out two or three times when the other two was nipped, an' he'd made a couple o' good wins on hands that Gorman an' Tuttle didn't deal, so he wa'n't so much behind when Weston set in.

"Weston took his place opposite this salesman with Gorman on his right an' Tuttle on his left, an' I c'd see he was watchin' like a hawk when either o' them dealt. He'd bought a couple o' stacks when he set in, an' he laid a wad alongside of his chips, so it looked like he was goin' to play 'em for all they was worth, if he caught the cards.

"He caught 'em too at the start. There was one hand o' three tens that he got on Gorman's deal, when it was his ante, an' they all come in. He made it ten more to play when he filled his ante, an' they all stayed again.

"Then on the draw he caught a pair o' sevens, an' there was two good hands ag'in him. Tuttle catched a flush an' Chicago had stood pat on a trey full. Why he didn't boost it afore the draw I don't know, but, as I said, he were playin' monstrous cautious, an' I reckon he mistrusted the deal.

"Anyway, Weston scooped a big pot on that deal, an' followed it up with another on his own. Then Tuttle dealt, an' he stayed out. They didn't make a jackpot, though, for Chicago stayed an' dropped a fifty on two pairs.

"Then it came Chicago's deal, an' there was no hands out, so they made a jack, an' Gorman took the deck. Just afore he passed it over for the deal Weston spoke up sudden—he had a squeaky sort o' voice, an' it sort o' sounded startlin' when it came quick—an' he says:

"'Lemme shuffle them cards.'

"Gorman 'peared to be surprised, an' 'fore he thought, he says, 'What for?' Then he remembered hisself quick, an' knowin' the rules, he passed the deck over to Weston.

"Weston sat still an' looked at him for a bit, an' then he says, very nasty, 'I don't have to tell you what for. I reckon you know.'

"Well, you c'd take that most any way you wanted to. It were an insult, or were just a mean sort of a notice that he was goin' to stand on his rights; but, anyway, Gorman took it for a insult an' he lost his temper.

"He says, just as nasty as Weston, 'No, o' course you don't have to tell. You've got a right to shuffle 'em, you little goober, an' you know it, an' I know it. But if I thought you meant anything I'd pinch your head flat with my thumb an' finger.'

"'Oh, no, you wouldn't,' says the little man, mighty cool.

"I c'd see him get white, though, when he spoke, an' I got out o' range. When a man gets white you want to do that, 'thouten you're interested an' can shoot first.

"Well, Gorman just glanced at him a minute an' then with a couple o' cuss words made a slap with his open hand at Weston's cheek. He didn't hit it, for Weston dodged, but afore Gorman's hand got back he fell back in his chair with a knife stickin' up through the roof of his mouth an' out o' the back of his head.

"It was the quickest thing I ever seen, but Tuttle was tol'able spry, too. Likely he knowed Gorman's temper an' was gettin' ready, but anyway he fired afore Weston c'd make a second move, an' the little feller keeled over with a bullet plumb through his heart.

"'Peared like he must ha' been dead afore he fell, but he couldn't ha' been, for he rolled over on the floor an' pulled another knife fr'm somewheres an' throwed it at Tuttle.

"Then was when I says to myself that I'd been wise to move, for Weston missed his mark—they said it was the on'y time he ever did—an' the knife would ha' come tol'able nigh hittin' me if I'd ha' stood still. As it was, it stuck in the partition four inches."

Mare That Chewed Tobacco.

From Forest and Stream.

"One had a fondness for fresh meat; another gobbled up any old thing that came his way, bean soup, potato parings, stale bread, or cooked meat; while the third, a small sorrel mare, actually had developed the tobacco habit." The owner obtained her in Texas, and says that she was one that had been "captured" in the South during the civil war.

"She would carry me fifty miles a day," he continues, "then carry me back the next day if I wanted her to do it. I had her about two days when I found out that she chewed tobacco. She grabbed a small package of fine cut out of my hand, and then stood chewing it, paper and all. Seeing that it had not hurt her I kept her in tobacco, buying the leaf tobacco that all these Mexican stores sold here then, a large 'hand' of it for a silver dime. That would not have paid the duty on it had any been paid, but the collector had not got here yet. When he did come these men had to stop selling it at any price. I never went near my mare without bringing her tobacco. If she did not get it right away she would begin to shove me with her nose, and kept it up until I gave her the usual chew.

"I rode a horse for four years, my racehorse Charley, which would eat half a peck of peaches as fast as I could remove the stones out of them. The same horse would eat a pound of sugar or candy without even stopping."

Good Aim of a Blind Texan.

Marlin Correspondence Galveston News.

Tom Taylor, a respectable and industrious blind man, who earns his living by making brooms, went to his home a few miles from Marlin yesterday evening and found a negro lying in one of the beds in his house, his family being absent.

A young man who accompanied Mr. Taylor ordered the negro to arise and leave the house, and the negro's reply brought on an encounter between him and the boy, in which Mr. Taylor joined. The negro ran, and Mr. Taylor fired at him with a 44 calibre pistol, shooting according to the noise the negro made in running. The ball struck the negro in the arm, breaking it. He was brought to town and lodged in jail. It is said Mr. Taylor is an accurate shot by sound.

Hotel Lacking in Felicities.

From the Washington Post.

Half the profound truths one hears are spoken entirely by mistake. Up in the Virginia hills is a small hotel, or large boarding house, whichever you like to call it, where the air and scenery are supposed to make up for the lack of modern conveniences. A pitiful foot tub and a pint of water greet you every morning, and you pine for your home tub as Moses's followers hankered for the fleshpots. A Washington woman, who is own sister to Mrs. Partington, is staying up there. She sat on the gallery one day last week, and this is what she said.

"It's a lovely place, but it has one drawback—there are no felicities for bathing here."

ACTORS MUST BE ABLE TO BOX

IT'S A REQUISITE FOR SUCCESS ON THE STAGE,

And Gymnasiums for Actors Flourish—Surprise of the Pugilist Needing a Stage Villain to Box With Over the Prowess He Met—Stars Who Can Box.

A retired actor started a gymnasium on the West Side of town about six months ago. It was his idea to cater exclusively to members of his profession. He was surprised at the number of applications he received. To-day he has a membership of nearly a hundred, composed of actors in local companies. Two similar gymnasiums have been opened and they seem to be thriving.

The chief exercises taught are boxing, wrestling and fencing. Expert instructors are employed and they receive good salaries. Boxing and fencing seem popular among the actors. This is due to the fact that the modern drama requires that actors should have a knowledge of these arts. Besides, they serve to keep them in condition.

Recently a well known professional pugilist who is starring in a melodrama written to order was confronted with the task of selecting an actor to play the part of the villain in the show. The rôle called for a six-footer capable of holding his own in a sparring bout. The prizefighter, who has the reputation of being one of the stiffest punchers in the business, visited one of these gymnasiums and asked the proprietor to recommend to him a capable man. After looking over his list of members, the proprietor suggested a middle-aged actor who has been on the stage more than twenty years and was once a star himself. The pugilist was introduced to the actor, who proved to be very strong and broad shouldered and of the required height. So without further questioning the actor was engaged.

At the initial rehearsal the first thing the pugilist did was to throw a pair of gloves at the feet of the actor and invite him to a bout. The actor, somewhat surprised, picked up the gloves and, in apparent timid fashion, began to adjust them.

"I suppose you know you are to be the villain in my show," said the fighter, carelessly, with a wink to his friends. "In this play you make strong stall for my girl. I win her out and then we have a fight. Now, as my friends want to see me in action, I've got to give them the real thing, or as near it as——"

The sentence was not finished, for at this juncture the actor filed a protest. He said he was not prepared for a strenuous bout, but would not mind a friendly tilt.

"That's all right," said the bruiser. "I won't hit you very hard, but you know we've got to mix it up or fake it good enough to set the gallery going and get the applause. See!"

Whether the actor saw or not is not recorded. But he soon got ready. The gloves used for the trial were ordinary boxing mitts of about seven ounces. While the scrapper was busy fixing his costume, the actor quickly shoved the padding from the back of his gloves toward the fingers, away from the knuckles, so as to give a firmer impact to the blow, an old pugilistic trick, and announced that he was ready for business. Then fighter and actor went at it.

At first the actor seemed a trifle nervous, but he soon began to do nobly. He blocked all of the bruiser's leads, landed a couple of drives on the stomach and on the head, and altogether made himself very useful.

The fighter was agreeably surprised, but professional pride prevented him from going into ecstacies over the actor's showing. He told the candidate that he would do and he was sure would improve before the season was over. The actor and the pugilist understand each other now, and their nightly essay has the essence of the real thing about it.

Most of the theatrical stars and leading men know how to box. Some of them are experts and some of them, if they choose, would not have any difficulty in holding their own in the fastest amateur company. Bob Hilliard played in a drama called "Sporting Life," a few years ago. The boxing room of the National Sporting Club of London, where Tom Sharkey, Peter Jackson, "Kid" Lavigne, Tommy Ryan, Pedlar Palmer, Jack O'Brien and other well known pugilists have appeared was reproduced in the play, and each night Hilliard had to box four rounds with Billy Elmer of California. Elmer, who has been in the ring, and has figured in many exciting encounters, had a minor rôle in the drama. The bout the pair put up was exceedingly realistic. At times they forgot that their mill was only make-believe, and went at it hard, but Hilliard was not disgraced.

Maurice Barrymore at one time held the amateur middleweight championship of England. His son Lionel, who was one of the co-stars in the Empire piece "The Other Girl" last season, is a boxer of skill. Young Barrymore used to spar with Kid McCoy at the latter's gymnasium and their meeting was always interesting. Wilton Lackaye can box pretty well, and in several private exhibitions he has shown excellent fistic ability. Joe Wheelock is a fine boxer. The late Ned Buckley of the Booth-Barrett Company was clever with the gloves. Kyrle Bellew is both an expert fencer and boxer, and in the season finds delight in spending three afternoons a week in a gym. James K. Hackett is a better fencer than a boxer, but he is no novice at the latter game.

Herbert Standing, whose height is 6 feet 10 inches and who is built in proportion, is clever with the mitts. His son Guy, a 6 footer, is also skilled, but it is said that his father makes him hustle whenever they have a bout.

John Drew is fond of fencing, but knows enough about boxing to make a fair exhibition. Francis Wilson has been sparring for years, and some of his colleagues think that his left hand punch for the body is nearly as effective as Bob Fitzsimmons's noted shift. William Collier has the reputation of being one of the best boxers on the stage. His talent for boxing is said to have been inherited from his uncle, Jim Collier, who made ring history in the early '70s.

Aubrey Boucicault, who is a lightweight, is a quick and resourceful boxer and a good all round athlete. Nat Goodwin used to box years ago, but recently he has not paid much attention to the exercise. Maybourne McDowell, husband of the late Fanny Davenport, has boxed with some of the best men in the ring. And so you might run on through the theatrical list.